

frages of the Church until they are partly purified by divine justice in Purgatory.

After St. Vincent Ferrer had learned the death of his sister Frances, he at once began to offer up many fervent prayers and works of penance for the repose of her soul. He also said thirty Masses for her, at the last of which it was revealed to him, that, had it not been for his prayers and good works, the soul of his sister would have suffered in Purgatory to the end of the world.

From these examples you may draw your own conclusions as to the state of your deceased friends and relatives. Rest assured that the judgments of God are very different from the judgments of men. "My thoughts are not your thoughts," says the Lord, "nor your ways my ways. For as the heavens are exalted above the earth, so are my ways exalted above your ways, and my thoughts above your thoughts."

We know that the souls of great perfection have been deprived of the beatific vision of God for having committed little faults. We know this from many apparitions of the souls of the faithful departed, who have been saved, and who praised the mercy of God, declaring, at the same time, that the judgments of the Lord are strict and terrible beyond description, and that mortals could never sufficiently reflect upon this truth.

God, as I have said, takes no pleasure in seeing these souls suffer, but, wishing to render them capable and worthy of being united to Him as to their supreme happiness, He makes them pass through a state of the most frightful sufferings, a state of the greatest poverty imaginable—the privation of the beatific vision of God.

Purgatorian Consoler.

If you desire the friendship of Jesus, you must also accept the Cross.

The Dead Sister.

In going over the battlefield an officer found a Sister of Mercy lying among the slain. The crimson blood had streamed down her face from a bullet wound in the forehead, and a slight examination showed that she was dead—that she had been shot while ministering to the dying. A flag was found and she was wrapped in it and carried off the field with all reverence.

I.

Lovingly, reverently look on her now,
The crown of the martyr encircles her brow,
As lowly she lies.
Death, in the carnage of battle, has found her,
Only war's horrible trophies surround her.
Only the blood of the soldier has crowned her;
She, who Christ's mission of peace worked in life,
Has laid down her cross in the midst of the strife—
Her mission is done.

Shine on her softly, ye stars of the night,
Whisper her requiem, winds, in your flight;
Angels, watch over the sorrowful sight,
As lowly she lies,
Her face to the skies,
The will of the Voice who has call'd her be done.

II.

Blessedly, wondrously sweet is her rest,
The tender hands lying like down on her breast,
So calm is her sleep.
And yet, when the terrible strife grew profounder,
When cannon and shell whirl'd death-shots around
her,
In the day's wildest carnage they ever had found her.
So safe in her might.

Theirs the stern duty to slay and to spare not,
Hers the diviner to succor and care not;
What matter'd to her, whensoever the call,
Whether Saxon or Celt, or Cossack or Gaul?
As nurse and as woman her work was for all.
Ah, calm be her sleep,
'Tis angels who keep
Their sweet, holy watch thro' the lengthening night.

III.

Sister of Mercy! May mercy's God bless her!
All that is brightest in heaven caress her,
As mutely she lies,
Like a fair drift of snow on the blood-cover'd mire;
A pale, broken lily 'mid carnage and fire,
Sever'd each frail, silken string of the lyre.
But the last, greatest tribute that heart could desire,
A great soul has given,
Her shroud is the flag of her country entire.
Her life to the will of the Master was tender'd;
And death cannot touch where that will has de-
fended.

The roll has been called, but the battle is ended,
And victory won e'en by those who surrender'd,
With her, as she lies,
Earth's costliest prize,
The colors of life for the kingdom of heaven.

Catholie Ledger.